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(Continued from our last.)

"Well, theau'll happen tell me e'enneaw what theau'rt hommerin' at," said Ab, flinging Burns upon the table, and hitching his chair, as if he felt the seat to be uneasy.

"Ther's sich a thing as a rainy day," said Sarah, looking through the window, as if a storm was just then breaking over the "fowt."

"Ay, an' mony a *cleaudy* un, when ther's no rain abeaut," was the peevish rejoinder.

"A bit o' brass is a good umbrell when a sheawer o' misfortin comes on," pursued the wife.

"Reet, owd ticket! when it isno'i'other folks' pockets, wheere I think *mine* is," observed Ab. "But it's not o' so mich use when it's i' th' wrung place, like mony a thing beside. O' what sarvice would a umbrell be to thee if someb'dy wur howdin' it o'er a haystack?"

"Well, just hearken to a bit o' sense, an' '——

"Theigher! if it comes eaut of a woman's meauth it owt to mak' one's ears crack. Fire away, Sal."

"A hundert peaund ud be useful to us, would it no?"

"It would, owd karickter!"

"it ud be wo'th o th' friends we han, wouldno' it?"

"Yoi, an' a regiment or two beside."

"Well, I know heaw we could get howd on't."

"Theau doesno' want me to goo upo' th' hee-road wi' a pistil doesta?"

"Nawe, theau'd hardly ha' pluck enoough to do that. I want thee to do summat moore becoming a mon."

"Well, what is it, then? Eaut with it, as owd Crap said to th' hen when he're waitin' o' th' egg."

"*Insure thy life.*"

"Ay, that I would, if I knew heaw; but it's eaut o' th' peawer o' mon, I think."

"Nay—I know heaw theau could do it, an' it ud put a hundert peaund i' my pocket, as I towd thee."

"Hurrah! If theau con do that I'll live till th' wo'ld's as crackt as that owd mug my mother used to knade her dowf in and th' hundert peaund theau con have thysel'. I'll be satisfied wi' four or five theasant year of a caper. I could like to be a bit younger, too, for a start. A theausant year o' brid-neezin' an' marble time; another theausant year o' smooterin' after wenches; an' th' tother i' knee-breeches an' white-stockin' days. That ud be grand. I shouldno' like to poke my feet in a treddle-hole o th' time, noather. Being a sort of a second-honded gentlemon would suit me betther."

"But I couldno' draw th' brass till theau *deed*," said the wife, interrupting Ab in his dreams of prolonged existence.

"Oh, then, theaun't for livin' lunger than me, arta? Thy nose an' chin ud mak' a fine pair o' nut-crackers when theau're gettin' to'ard thy fifth theausant. I should ha' no chance of a lot moore wives, I yer. I'd as lief tak my chance, like other folk, if I am to ha' ther teed to my coat-laps o th' time."

"Talk to some sense, wilta?" said Sarah, giving a look of sharp reproof to her wayward spouse. "Are we to have this hundert peaund, or not?"

"Well, neaw, owd craycther!" said Ab, putting on a very grave expression of countenance, "if I am to die for it, it's raycther a hard thing for t' say. Beside, it looks queer life-insurance when someb'dy's waitin' for 'em t' cock their toes up. Suppose *thou* insures *thy* life, and lets me draw th' brass?"

"But it's likely theau'll dee afore me; so what good would it do thee then? What wi' thy drinkin', an' walkin' through brucks an' campin' i' hedge-bottoms o' rainy neets, singin' 'Rowl on, silver moon,' theau'rt no' gooin' on for a lung-liver. Theau'll be havin' th' rheumatiz in th' yead, an' then theau'll go snap, like owd Thuston's keaw;" and Ab's wife looked as if the next thing to do would be to order mourning, and afterwards consult her friends as to who should be invited to the funeral.

Ab pushed his fingers into his air, tossed it about, and pondered over his wife's suggestions. The dame had proved herself so often in the right upon other matters, that he was inclined to accept her views in this. If Providence would only do the thing that was fair by him, he thought there would be no harm in trying the experiment. He had too much confidence in his wife's true womanhood ever to suppose that she would resort to unlawful means for getting himself out of the way, even if she desired it, a conclusion not to be encouraged under any circumstances. However, he would provide against ugly possibilities. He would hide his razor; eat out of a common dish with the rest of the family, so as to avoid being poisoned; and if he could not prevent his neck being encircled by a rope, or his body being made into food for fishes, why—serve himself right. He *would* insure his life, and declared his intention of so doing at once.

"But heaw is it to be done?" he said, quite at a loss how to proceed about the business. "Have I nowt to do nobbut go somewheere; tell 'em I want to insure my life for a hundert peaund; say I should no' care if they'd mak' it int' a theausant; an' then coome eaut, as if I'd bin orderin' a summons for thee, for neglect o' family?"

(To be continued.)

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ECCLES,

AND ECCLES CHURCH.

WE have long had a desire to visit the shrine of that toothsome commodity the Eccles-cake—to explore Eccles, and ascertain if anything else was manufactured or to be had besides that choice and delicate morsel. We have stayed our foot hitherto for sundry reasons. In the first place we have passed it often by railway, and the town seemed to consist of the ordinary station, of the bungalow order of architecture—several rooms on the ground-floor surrounded by a verandah—and an adjoining confectioner's shop, and if this were the place, thought we, whence those rare sweetnesses issued, we should prefer to eat in faith, for the future, as we had hitherto done, rather than visit the very source of the stream, only to find it, possibly, dirty and malodorous.

But we've been; we've seen, as we believe, all Eccles, eaten our cake like a man, or a child rather, with gusto, and returned in safety. You can't both eat your cake and have it, says the adage. We are not quite so sure of that. We have certainly eaten our cake, cakes in fact, for we not only ate it on the spot, but brought it away; it in the plural, and solemnly consumed it before the Lares and Penates, and we have still an affectionate reminiscence of it. We say "it" advisedly, in the sense of a noun of multitude. One Eccles-cake is a delusion. Eat deep, or taste not the Ecclesian ambrosia; it is "to be continued," to be produced *en suite;* it is the same, but various, similar, yet different; it is single in purpose, diverse in effect, complex in relation, and infinite in delight; a perpetual round of nectar'd sweets; a sixth sense, and eighth wonder of the world; an unrecorded revelation, and more than all these it is, in the ephemeral slang, an accomplished fact.

A place of importance is often described as standing upon the So-and-So, like Frankfort-on-the-Oder, or Greenheys on the Blackbrook. Eccles has no river to stand on. The railway passes by one edge of it, the New Road, part of which we described last week, goes to it, and the Old Road passes through it. So it stands about generally, like the gentleman of no particular religious persuasion who applied to St. Peter for a seat. On ascending from the railway we found a sort of general open triangular place, composed of the meeting of three roads at the railway bridge—naturally a place of resort for loungers. The battlements of the bridge are unfortunately too high to be leaned upon and gazed over, or there would be a deal of work of that sort done. So the inhabitants stand upon the kerb-stone, and smoke in the intervals of gaping, or exchange oaths with one another in the absence of tobacco. Turning away from these interesting residents towards the left, we enter a street with shops of the description usually to be found in a country town. The saddler and the stationer are there, as are also the butcher and baker, without their ancient companion. Owing to the introduction of gas, his production—the candlestick—has been removed with him out of the place, or he has mayhap become a gas-fitter. Public-houses there are, of course, but most important of all, are the original Eccles cake shops—for there are two. It may be that, according to the politico-economical doctrine, competition is required to keep quality up and prices down. Whether that is the case here we know not, and we do not wish to know either that, or whether they look upon one another as impostors, or deadly enemies, or rivals, or what, or what not. We by no means look upon them in any such light. So far from saying a plague on both your houses, we say blessings on ye both. One is the original Eccles-cake shop "removed from over the way." Mark the loftiness of the expression, the soaring, half-poetical style. Not simply as who should say, "from the other side," or "from across the road," but "from over the way," like the Santa Casa at Loreto. The other is just opposite, and bears for a device, "the original," and so-forth, "never removed." Mark the conservatism of the legend. Of course these apparently contradictory signs are easily reconciled. The original inventor in remote ages may have removed himself and his paste-board *over* the way, as he puts it, so that, with more room at command, he would have greater facilities for showering blessings on mankind. Then another artificer in paste and currants may have entered the deserted halls, and thenceforth, like the celebrated benefactor's two blades of grass, two Eccles cakes appeared in future to delight mankind. We espouse neither side of the street exclusively. Our amplitude is like the bishop's, wide enough to contain both. We could even add to the "never removed" a third one that "never will be removed!" The cakes that we had in Eccles were good—decidedly good, but—well, it may be the defect of early training, or the deterioration of our taste in advancing years—but we thought with a sigh, while munching there, of that shop in Liverpool opposite Friskidyke's, and of another which used to be Miss Percival's, in Warrington. She is married long since then, and who her successor is we know not.

Continuing our way down the street, we come to an open triangular space. Eccles, in fact, is a succession of three-sided, three-cornered places. We wonder how the cakes escape being made three-cornered, like a raspberry puff or an apple turnover; but the person who could invent an Eccles cake must have been a man of such genius that it could have been a matter of no difficulty to him to keep to the charmed circle. In the middle of this triangle is a fountain, with cups for drinking out of, when there is any water, but, owing to the recent rain, the supply was wanted elsewhere, and the fountain was dry, if indeed one may call that a fountain in which nothing is founted. Here the village proper seems to begin. There is a wide roadway, like a bit of Oldham Road, having on the right moderate but irregularly-sized houses and shops, and on the other side all kinds of low old-fashioned cottages and buildings of every nondescript kind, with little narrow courts, alleys, and streets running between them, as if away from the publicity of the main street. This, we should imagine, is the resort of the dangerous classes, but, really, it occupies so much of the village, that it must hold others beside, or else Eccles must be a very dreadful place. Further on the main street divides or multiplies itself into two, and there being an opportunity for another little three-angled corner, why, of course, here it is. From this space the road on the right, after more old cottages, comes upon some new buildings, such as schools, Methodist chapels, newly laid-out streets, and valuable building land, and soon shakes off Eccles altogether, and makes through breezy fields for Worsley, and, if you leave by the left of this bedkey-shaped quarter, you will soon find, if you step out quickly, that you are passing Barton, and in full swing for Irlam (anciently Irwellham), Cadishead, Hollins Green, or any further place on the Old Highflyer's road, *via* Warrington to Liverpool, that your pedestrian ambition may aim at.

Returning towards the fountain of deserted waters, the village looks even less comely. There are places and streets which, like some people, though they are by no means to be admired at first sight, as you think, improve upon a further acquaintance, and become comparatively even agreeable. We can't say that Eccles is one of those places. The more you see of it, the more you see its straggliness and deformity. It seems to have grown up anyhow, by slow additions, at different times; to have endured rather than lived, untended, forgotten, and forlorn. The most part of the southern side of the main street, especially the rear, seems fraught with ruin, misery, and decay.

But here we are again at the Church. Now Eccles is not so much the cause of its Church, as is mostly the case in other places, as the Church is the cause of Eccles. The name of the district is Barton—the township of Barton. The whole of this neighbourhood between Pendleton and Worsley was but thinly peopled in old times and the only church for all the country seems to be the one we are now at. No doubt there were substantial reasons why it should be here, instead of at any other place, but at all events it was here, though there seems to have been no name to the place, and the poverty of their invention was such that they couldn't, certainly didn't, find out one, so that the people who had to be described in any bond or quittance by more than a christened name, and something more definite and local than as being "de Barton" were indicated by "de Ecclesiis"—of the churches, like Shakespere's clown, they lived by the church. For it wasn't simply a

church in our ideas of one. There were four little churches—church-lets one might call them—grouped round or mixed up, to a certain extent, with the Mother Church. These were chantries. The modern lecture-ship seems the nearest approach to the ancient chantry—foundations with permission of Crown and Bishop to maintain one or more priests to chant or sing solemn services at stated times, for the benefit of the founders while living and their further welfare afterwards, with regulations for the conduct and mode of life of the chaplains who should fill the office. These services were said or sung, not in the usual place in the church, but in little side chapels built on purpose by the founder, and used for nothing else. The oldest of these chantries was founded in 1368 by Thomas of the Bothe or Booth, in Barton; the next in 1450 by Thomas's grandson, Lawrence Booth, who had become Bishop of Lichfield, in which diocese all this neighbourhood was then comprised; the third in 1460 by Lawrence's half-brother, William, who had become Archbishop of York; and the fourth by Sir Godfrey Massey, who was Lord of the Manor of Worsley in 1475. The Church itself is said to have been built in 1111, say MCXI., but however true that may be of the foundation of the Church, or the building of some church on the spot, the architecture of the present building points to a much later period. Of course the Church fell into the hands of the powerful Abbey of Whalley who seem to have liberally administered its affairs. The chantries were of course suppressed in the Reformation times; that is to say, the owners of the lands in the neighbourhood, charged with the payment of the priests' stipends, repudiated any such absurd obligation, though they carefully insisted on their right to put up family monuments in the place where the Memorial Altar had stood. One of these Chapels was even re-built in the general restoration of the Church in 1862-3. It is an unsightly excrescence on the outside, out of keeping with the style and idea of the Church; inside, it is pewed with the modern open-bench of the period, and its walls covered with unhealthy-looking plaster. Except they were prepared to restore the chantry to its ancient and dedicated purpose, they had better have left it alone altogether. They have daubed it with untempered mortar in every respect. And the subscribers have commemorated their own goodness, in the "See what a good boy am I" manner, by a "brass" containing their names let into the plaster on the East wall.

The church is roomy, light, and airy. It has a nave, north and south aisles, and choir or chancel, with chancel aisles, composed of two of the chantry chapels. The ground-floor has been pewed with open, comfortable benches; but as to the middle or body of the church, all the pews, except the four at the back, are either private property or are appropriated in some way, as, at the time of our visit, they held cushions and carpets of all kinds and colours, and had a brass-plate at the end with the owner's name—not the occupier's, certainly, for they were nearly all unoccupied. There was one gentleman with his family on the ground-floor of the church. To be sure, it was Sunday afternoon, and it is notorious that afternoon preaching is a device of the evil one.

The service was done by a curate and a few surpliced choir-boys, and certainly everything was omitted which could make the service attractive or instructing. The Vicar—for the rectory got separated from it in those celebrated "conveyancing" times between 1500 and 1600—the Vicar didn't show, so we hadn't the pleasure of seeing that astute man of business, the Rev. James Pelham Pitcairn. He is another successful importation from the Sister Isle, which seems to supply Lancashire with parsons and potatoes. He has persuaded his friends to restore his church to the tune of £6,000 or more, and "If I had a thousand a year, Gaffer Gray," as the song says, one would have nearly as much as the wide-awake Whig Vicar of Eccles. If the Vicar were absent, the lay ministers were there—the apparitors—orderly and serene, and, to the little boys, grim. We thought we saw four, for they appeared in different parts of the church, now with gown, now without, like the supers of an economical stage manager. One occasionally approached the officiating clergyman with a sacred poker, or ecclesiastical life-preserver, which he held well poised over his right shoulder, as if "willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike." But he was visible also, at times, unencumbered by his weapon, and, in fact, like the little pig which ran about so much, we couldn't count him. The congregation were—youngsters excepted—quiet; and the boys near the door whispered and shuffled their feet, and made great apple-bites, distinctly heard in the general silence, but were quiet as the graves below them whenever the apparitor was near. The sun shone through the windows, and bright patches of sunshine appeared in unexpected spots in the church, and the warm air came in at the open door, bearing in out-door sounds of dog-barkings, distant whistlings, footsteps, and the like.

The church-yard is extensive, a small cemetery, in fact, with a curious crown-shaped monument in the middle, inscribed with names of various Taylors—worthy men, do doubt, but otherwise unknown to fame. Passing by this we issue by one of the gates into a narrow street, College Lane. Hereabouts stood the residence for the chantry priests and others, founded by Archbishop Booth in 1460 for ever, and in less than a hundred years despoiled. Who holds the property now we don't know. The land is covered with rows of small cottages built closely together. And so we came out into Eccles village and worldly cares again.

After all, Eccles has a good deal to contend with. It is so overshadowed by its two great institutions, its church and its cakes, that its individuality as a town or a village is in a manner lost. It has not been without its rough play, as bear-baiting and ale "guising," both happily defunct, and wakes, still existing and worthy of being suppressed, by the strong hand if need be, at least if the local newspaper, the *Eccles Advertiser*, gives anything like a truthful account of it. Comparisons, not the most flattering, have been associated with it. Call a man a cake, and you have the "softness" of his character indicated at once. The name of the place too—what sort of ridiculous negative is it not used for? Suppose, for instance, that you were to suggest to the Vicar that he betake himself to live on the site of the old priests'-house in College-lane, upon a hundred a year, and devote the remainder to the improvement of the village and the poor. Do you think he would adopt your suggestion? Your reply is ready—Would he——Eccles!

KING CALVERT I.

[BEING A RESPECTFUL IMITATION OF THE PARODIES OF MR. W. S. GILBERT, THE BAB BALLADIST.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Picturesque Exterior. *(People looking out of windows at a crowd of clodhoppers.)*

CLODHOPPERS.—Ladies and gentlemen, this being a tremendously long piece, and every minute being of value, we can't do better than waste ten in executing a clodhopping dance that isn't in the text. *(They do so, and then run away, for no particular reason. People all withdraw from windows, on the same account. Enter King Calvert.)*

CALVERT.—I am a fearful villain. And what's more, I never lose an opportunity of saying so. I'm particularly fond of doing it in crowded streets—at least, in streets that were crowded, until the crowd dispersed for no particular reason. I'm deformed in body. At least, I keep telling myself so, though really I am rather handsome than otherwise—certainly much handsomer than Leontes, in *A Winter's Tale*. I'm deformed in mind. I keep murdering people for the lark. Partly to serve certain aims, but principally because I enjoy it. I've murdered two already. I'll just murder Belton, who used to act with Kean, by way of keeping my hand in. I'm sure the audience 'll be very much obliged to me. Dive, thoughts, down to my soul. *(His thoughts dive down to his soul).* Here Belton comes. *(Enter Mr. Belton.)*

BELTON.—Ha, Calvert, how d'y do?

CALVERT.—How d'y do, Belton, how d'y do?

BELTON.—I'm just off to prison. Isn't it a joke?

CALVERT.—You act as if it was.

BELTON.—I might be going to an evening party, mightn't I?

CALVERT.—You might. Ta, ta.

BELTON.—Ta, ta. *(Exit.)*

CALVERT.—Wainwright shall murder him. Good murderer, Wainwright. Oh, I am a villain. I have all sorts of bad habits; but perhaps the worst I have is that of spending money on fine scenery that ought to be spent in procuring good actors. *(Enter Miss Carlisle, in deep mourning.)*

MISS CARLISLE.—Booh-hoo! booh-hoo! booh-hoo!
My husband and my father-in-law's fate,
I will bewail in choicest Billinsgate.
Cursed——

CALVERT.—Good evening, Miss Carlisle.

MISS CARLISLE.—Devil!

CALVERT.—Oh, come, I say. Such language! From so young a lady, too!

MISS CARLISLE.—Dog, you murdered my husband.

CALVERT.—I did.

MISS CARLISLE.—Cat, you murdered my father-in-law.

CALVERT.—Anything to oblige.

MISS CARLISLE.—Beast!

CALVERT.—Oh, really!

MISS CARLISLE.—Reptile!

CALVERT.—Miss Carlisle!

MISS CARLISLE.—Pig!

CALVERT.—Don't call me bad names. Marry me.

MISS CARLISLE.—With pleasure.

CALVERT.—But just leave me for the present, please.

MISS CARLISLE.—Certainly, my darling. I will do whatever you desire me, my own love. But why do you want me to go, dear?

CALVERT.—To tell the truth, I have a rather fine soliloquy to deliver, and it requires a clear stage.

MISS CARLISLE.—Good bye, then, pet. *(Exit.)*

CALVERT.—Was ever woman in this humour woo'd? Was ever woman in this humour won? For my own part, I think decidedly not; but Shakespere seems to think so, so I suppose it's all right.

SCENE II.—A Regal Apartment. *(Calvert, Mrs. Calvert, and Miss Julia Seaman, discovered.)*

MISS SEAMAN.—Hell! devils! fiends! furies! bottled spiders!

MRS. CALVERT.—Booh-hoo! booh-hoo!

MISS SEAMAN.—Pig! hog! devil! hell! hell-fire! Brimstone! Treacle! Bottled spider!

MRS. CALVERT.—Booh-hoo! booh-hoo!

MISS SEAMAN.—Hell? devils! curses! fiends!

CALVERT.—For goodness' sake, somebody take this woman away.

MISS SEAMAN *(being taken away)*.—Hell! devils! bottled spiders!

CALVERT.—And while you're about it, take the other one as well.

MRS. CALVERT *(being removed)*.—Booh-hoo! booh-hoo!

CALVERT.—Thank goodness, that's all over! Ha! here come my murderers *(enter Mr. Wainwright and Another)*. Well, my fine fellows, how are you to-night; This being "a regal gothic apartment in the palace," is exactly the place where I should expect to see you. Did you get in easily?

WAINWRIGHT.—Oh, yes. We just said we were the murderers you'd ordered, and they let us in at once.

CALVERT.—All right. Now, go and murder Belton.

WAINWRIGHT.—We will, my noble lord.

SCENE III.—Mr. Belton's Dungeon.

BELTON *(waking from a nightmare)*.—I have a dreadfully pitching delivery. It turns blank verse into doggerel. Nevertheless, I've got a knack of doing my long speech in this scene very well indeed. I'll show you. *(Shows them.)* In my sleep just now, I thought I saw the ghost of Shakespere, and it said, "Oh, pitching, plunging Belton, thou hast so often murdered me, I'll relieve the monotony of the thing by murdering thee." *(Enter Wainwright and Another.)* Have you come to murder me?

WAINWRIGHT.—We have, my noble lord.

BELTON.—Don't, please. I promise you I'll never pitch and plunge again.

WAINWRIGHT.—Man, you can't help it. The habit's too confirmed.

BELTON.—Oh, no, it's not. I'll never do it again. Please, let me off this once.

WAINWRIGHT *(to Another)*.—What d'you say? Belton's not a bad fellow. He has some idea of acting, and he says he'll never plunge again.

ANOTHER.—It won't do. He must be murdered for the satisfaction of the audience.

BELTON.—No!

ANOTHER.—Yes!

BELTON.—Booh-hoo! booh-hoo!

ANOTHER.—Less of that. *(Sticks him.)*

SCENE IV.—The king's apartments.—*(King Archer, dying, surrounded by his courtiers and Mrs. Calvert.)*

ARCHER.—I'm very ill and low. It's the reaction from those tremendous spirits I had to put on in *Handsome is that Handsome Does*. However, its much easier to be dejected than elated. I'll just die without any more ado, as the action of the piece is already getting cumbrous, and I'm interfering with it. *(Dies.)*

MRS. CALVERT.—Booh-hoo! booh-hoo!

ACT II.

SCENES I. II. III. and IV.—Admirable specimens of the genius of Perkins.

SCENE V.—Baynard's Castle on the Thames. *(Bravo Perkins.)* *(Enter Calvert.)*

CALVERT.—I *am* a villain. I've sent the royal children to the Tower. You'll see what for, presently. *(Enter Mr. Haywell.)* Haywell, go and tell the grand procession to come in and offer me the crown. *(Exit Mr. Haywell.)* Useful actor, Haywell. I'll chop his head off when I've done with it. Oh, I *am* a villain. *(Re-enter Mr. Haywell, with procession. They offer Calvert the crown. He refuses it; they offer it again).* Oh very well—if you insist upon it. *(Takes it.)* Now, be off with you. Get ready for the next scene; though this one is the one I act the best, it musn't take all night. *(They be off with them.)*

SCENE VI.—The Tower Fortress from the west. *(Well done, Perkins!)* *(Enter three widows.)*

THREE WIDOWS. Booh-hoo! Booh-hoo!

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Palace Hall. *(Not bad, Grieve; but not up to Perkins.)* *(A long dance.)*

DANCERS.—The reason we interpolate this second long dance that isn't in the text is that this is a particularly conscientious revival of Shakespeare, and it is essential that a particularly conscientious revival of Shakespere should bore the audience as much as possible. *(Exeunt everybody, except Calvert and Haywell, for no particular reason.)*

CALVERT.—It's a long time since I murdered anybody. Haywell, murder the two princess for me. They are two nice little girls, and the best hands at acting in all the company; but it'll be much better for them to be killed right off than to be brought up to expose so much of their legs to a gaping public. So just murder them.

HAYWELL.—Excuse me. *(Exit.)*

CALVERT.—But I won't. I'll chop your head off presently. Page! *(Enter a gorgeous young woman.)* Have you got a murderer handy?

GORGEOUS YOUNG WOMAN.—Certainly. I always keep one just outside the door. *(Exit just outside the door.)*

CALVERT.—It's a peculiarity of mine always to consult my pages when I'm going to murder anybody. It's a way I have. *(Re-enter gorgeous young woman with third murderer.)*

CALVERT.—Third murderer, murder the young princes in the Tower.

THIRD MURDERER.—With pleasure, sir.

SCENE II.—The murdered princes.

SCENE III.—Nothing particular.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Old London, near St. Paul's. *(Well done, Grieve; good as Perkins)* *(Enter Miss Seaman and Widows).*

MISS SEAMAN.—Hell! furies! friends! devils! tomcats!

WIDOWS.—Boo-hoo? Boo-hoo! *(Enter a grand army, followed by Calvert, followed by a live white horse.*

MISS SEAMAN.—Here comes the hell-hound! Bottled spider!

CALVERT.—Oh, dear me, here's that dreadful woman again. Excuse me a moment, while I explain to the audience that it's another of my ways to walk on foot before my horse. A considerate man is considerate to his beast. My kingdom's invaded. Every moment is of vital importance. Nevertheless, I'll stop and chatter with these women for an hour or two. Mrs. Calvert, you've a daughter called Elizabeth. I want her for my wife.

MRS. CALVERT.—You've got a wife already, bigamist.

MISS SEAMAN.—He has—the bottled spider!

CALVERT.—No, I've not. I've murdered her.

MRS. CALVERT.—Oh, then, in that case, you may have my daughter. Bless you!

MISS SEAMAN.—Bless him? Curse him! Bloodhound! devil!

CALVERT.—In the name of common decency, somebody take that

dreadful woman away. No. Stop. I'll go myself. Bring here White Surrey. *(Aside to super).* If you can't manage to hold that horse without standing a yard off, and looking frightened to death, I'll knock sixpence a night off your shilling. See, this is horsemanship. *(Rides off).*

ACT V.

A Battle Field. *(Not anything like up to Perkins's usual mark or the occasion. Enter Mr. Belton again, to the dismay of the audience.)*

BELTON.—You thought I was done for, didn't you. But I'm not, by any means. Here I am, pitching and plunging worse than ever. *(Pitches and plunges worse than ever. Enter Calvert.)*

CALVERT.—A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse! What I should do with one, if I had one, I haven't the least idea. Nevertheless—A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse! What, Belton, all alive and plunging! I will murder him myself. At least, I'll try. *(Terrific single combat: Calvert vanquished: Belton victorious: Enter Mr. Mellon.)*

Mr. MELLON.—I've been running about the battle-field all day with the crown of England tucked under my cloak. If you'll relieve me of it, you'll oblige me.

VERDICT.

A magnificent—an almost too magnificent—panorama. Not a play at all. A striking proof of the immense superiority in the constructive art of the feeblest of modern dramatists over the greatest dramatist of antiquity.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

MARKET STREET.

AFTER nearly fifty years delay, the widening of Market-street has completed itself. The buildings jutting out into the street, opposite Mr. Hyam's establishment, disgusted at the long perversity of their proprietor, have at length tumbled down. They will be set back to the new line. This finishes a work commenced in the year, 1822. It is devoutly to be hoped that the widening of Deansgate will not occupy a corresponding period. But there is no telling. Widening narrow streets is almost as long and laborious a process as widening narrow minds whose private interests are benefited by injury to those of the public.

THE SCHOOL BOARD FOR MANCHESTER.

We shall be very glad to see a little active public excitement and interest in reference to the proposed School Board for the City of Manchester. Two bodies, the Education Bill Committee and a number of gentlemen erstwhile connected with the National Education Union, have already entered the arena: the City Council will no doubt have candidates to propose, and so, perhaps, will the Education League. What the ratepayers have to do is to grasp the principles upon which alone a just and efficient board can be elected. The Manchester Education Bill Committee have suggested the names of fifteen gentlemen to form the school board. The suggestions appear to have been made with an honest, if unsuccessful, desire, to be impartial. We suppose it would be too much to hope for the formation of any local public body without embracing a gentleman who ostentatiously peruses *Couriers* when arguments are being addressed to him by those who differ from him. The principles of the Education Bill being the introduction of religion into schools, and the exclusion of theology, it is obvious that the administrative board must be quite evenly balanced, as to the religion of its members, in order to keep those two theoretically consistent principles in anything like practical working order. The principle, therefore, on which the committee have made their selection, namely, that of representing the sects according to their numerical strength in the community, is altogether wrong. The true object is, not to get the same preponderance of sects in the board that there is in the public, but to get no preponderance at all. According to our view the smallest sect should be as largely represented as the largest. But even on the principle of proportion the selection is not just. We note, amongst the fifteen members, no less than six Churchmen, three Independents, two Roman Catholics, two Methodists, one Unitarian, and one Nothing. This huge preponderance of Churchmen is only defensible on the ground that the Church of England is in reality not one sect, but half a dozen under one name. The list of candidates, again, would deserve, and, probably secure, greater confidence on the part of the majority of the ratepayers if it contained the names of some gentlemen who are not known to be intimately connected with, or representatives of, any sect whatever.

THE TWO IRVINGS: A CORRECTION.

In recording the death of Mr. Joseph Irving, comedian, last week, our contemporary the *City News* fell into an error. The writer said that the deceased actor formerly belonged to the Manchester Theatre Royal, and last appeared here at the Athenæum, taking part in an entertainment exposing the tricks of the Davenport Brothers. This is incorrect, as Mr. Joseph Irving was never a member of the Theatre Royal Company, and did not take part in the Davenport exposure. He played here for a fortnight with one of Boucicault's itinerant companies in a drama (*After Dark* if we recollect rightly), in which he played the character of a London vagabond. The actor who assisted in exposing the Davenports was Mr. Henry Irving, formerly of our Theatre Royal, and as this gentleman has many friends in Manchester, we can assure them that he is alive and well, and is at the present time fulfilling an engagement at the new Vaudeville Theatre in the Strand.

CITY ARABS.

Among other calamities evoked by the present war, Manchester has to contend against an irruption of the Goths and Vandals—news-selling boys—who infest the streets, and render the thoroughfares between the Exchange and Pall Mall all but impassable. This unruly, ragged rabble, many of whom are mere infants, with neither coverings to their heads nor shoes to their feet, has increased in numbers very materially lately, owing to the demand for papers. They congregate at all hours in the immediate neighbourhood of the newspaper offices. There, they are constantly scrambling, shouting, cursing, and blaspheming, with intermittent party-fights and hand-to-hand pugilistic encounters. Last week, we saw one boy pick up a lump of coal as big as a man's fist and deliberately throw it at another lad not three yards off, striking him on the head. A regular scrimmage followed, ending in black eyes and bloody noses. We do not exaggerate when we say that, during the last few weeks, we have seen, as we casually passed by, at least half-a-dozen fights. Surely something might be done by the authorities to organize this "raw material" into something like consistency and shape. This vagabond life is anything but conducive to the future welfare and industrious habits of these wretched lads. Could not they be got into some kind of order, by compelling them to have authorized badges like railway porters, or requiring them to have licences, or fixed standings for the sale of their papers? At present they are an intolerable nuisance.

THE POLICE AND THE WITHINGTON OMNIBUSES.

One day last week Mr. Superintendent Bent made the sensational statement that, in consequence of the habitual 'bus-racing on the road to Withington, he had to keep that route lined with policemen. Either this assertion is not true, or it reflects the very greatest discredit on Superintendent Bent's superintendence and on the men whom Superintendent Bent superintends. The irregularities and abuses of the omnibus traffic Cheadle-wards are enormous. The racing on the route—of which there is much—finds plenty of public censure, but remarkably little police interference. The "nursing" on the route—of which there is little, or none—finds even more condemnation. What we have previously called attention to—and what nobody else has—is the *overloading*. This abuse is so great as to be of the dimensions of a scandal. Either the police are not there to notice it, or, being there, they decline to notice it. Whether the road is "lined" with police or not, we are able to assert upon our personal experience that there are some police upon it. And we tell Superintendent Bent and the public, flatly, that the disgraceful and disgusting defiance of the law and public order which is there habitually and incessantly displayed, is so displayed not only with the negligence but the connivance of the police. There is hardly an omnibus runs to Cheadle—at least, on Saturdays and Sundays—

that is not flagrantly and systematically over-loaded. What does over-loading mean? It means violation of the law, defiance of the representatives of public order, outraged passengers, oppressed horses, increased opportunities for servants to rob their masters, and increased means to bribe the police. There is a perpetual blush upon the face of Superintendent Bent, and it is the most fitting head-gear he could wear. It is a thing to blush at, to be superintendent of a body of officers whom every other Cheadle omnibus that runs insults. Each of those 'buses says to Superintendent Bent himself, as plainly as a 'bus can speak, "I'm more the master of your men than you are. You've never made them do their duty yet, and I don't think you ever will."

A HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

The Bishop of Manchester preached at a harvest thanksgiving service, held in St. George's Church, Pendleton, on Saturday last. In the course of a sermon characterised by his usual breadth of sentiment, the Bishop enlarged upon the question that the agricultural and manufacturing interest—in fact, all interests, national and class—were interwoven and bound up with each other. He also said that it might be thought strange that in that parish, where there were so few green fields, a harvest thanksgiving should be held. Excellent and suitable for the times as were his Lordship's observations, the harvest thanksgiving festival of Saturday was appropriate even in a narrower sense. St. George's Church, Pendleton—or as it is more commonly known, Charlestown Church—was built a few years since, and is situated on the Pendleton New Hall Farm, the property of Mr. Fitzgerald, of Castle Irwell. This farm, bounded on one side by cotton mills, manufacturing works of various kinds, and collieries, and on the other by the river Irwell, shows what can be done by skill and enterprise. It grows excellent root and grain crops, as well as maintaining a good show of live stock. This year the grain crops have been the best produced for many years; and, owing to the fineness of the season, they were reaped, led, stacked, and secured in excellent condition, and in a marvellously short space of time. Few people would imagine that, within one mile of the centre of sooty Manchester, as the crow flies, there is a farm which for cultivation, trimness and neatness, would rival most of those in the more strictly agricultural parts of the country; but *labor vincit omnia*, and a plentiful supply of manure close at hand, has no doubt contributed to Mr. Higson's (the tenant's) success.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

After a dull summer season, during which many of the London theatres have been closed, most of them begin to show signs of activity. Mr. Tom Taylor's new historical play '*Twixt Axe and Crown*, in which Mrs. Rousby has been so great an attraction, was withdrawn on Wednesday, having been played for two hundred successive evenings at the Queen's Theatre. Mr. and Mrs. Rousby have commenced a provincial tour, and we should be glad to see them here. The gentleman is well known in Manchester, having formerly been attached to the Theatre Royal. The lady, who is remarkable for her personal beauty, is best known to us by her photographs. A few evenings since some snobs in one of the boxes kept up a loud conversation during the performance, to the annoyance of the house. As they did not desist, Mrs. Rousby suddenly stopped performing, and, advancing to the footlights, quietly asked the audience whether it was their pleasure to hear her or a portion of themselves. This appeal was met with thunders of applause, during which the offenders were glad to beat a precipitate retreat. The *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Mr. Phelps as Bottom, a part which he performed with much success some years since at Sadler's Wells, will be produced at the Queen's this (Saturday) evening. The state of Mr. Phelps's health will not permit him, we are sorry to hear, to bear the strain of his projected provincial tour, and he will not, therefore, visit Manchester this year. Miss Sidney Cowell, a young actress and a great favourite in Edinburgh and Liverpool, and daughter of the redoubtable Sam of vocal celebrity, will appear at the Queen's as Oberon. Miss Maria B. Jones, formerly of the Manchester Prince's Theatre, has been very favourably received at the Olympic in Mr. Tom Taylor's new play, *Handsome Is that Handsome Does*. As we anticipated, Mr. Belmore has made a great hit in the part of Matthew Fleming, the old Dalesman. Drury Lane will open next Saturday with Mr. Andrew Halliday's new dramatised version of *Kenilworth*. At the Prince of Wales's Theatre there seems to be no "solution of continuity" for Miss Maria Wilton and her clever company. Mr. T. W. Robertson's play, *M.P.*, appears likely to be as successful as were *Caste* and *School*, each of which was performed for upwards of twelve months. So far as we are concerned, the worst of this success is, that it prevents Miss Wilton fulfilling her promised visit to Manchester.

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE PUBLIC TEETOTALLER.

THE association of the word teetotaller with the word public may not be considered a happy title, but I don't know very well in what other form to put it. I have a word to say about the votaries of the noble art of abstaining as contradistinguished from the noble art of drinking; not, however, about the abstainers who do so quietly and unostentatiouly, but rather about those who are perpetually putting their tongues out in order that society may see that these organs are not furred with brandy. Consequently I wish to emphasize the public character of the particular teetotallers that I have in view—that is to say, the champions of the craft—who are a band of brothers, and who are constantly quivering with loose poetry, as if their versification were the result of unripe fruit, or of lemonade that had met with reverses in love. I cannot stop to clear myself of the imputation of jeering at good men or a good cause. I would answer such an imputation by saying that a drunken brand snatched from the burning is a notch to a man's credit in the innings of his life, and that to attempt to caricature such an achievement would be a sin. I would say, further, that sober examples, even total abstaining examples, are—like all practical examples—of immense use in the world and may do good, must do good in the long run; but that an ever-beating drum of precept stifling the example and drowning the practice with rub-a-dub-dubs is not a lovely mode of going about doing good.

I have watched the teetotaller who aspires to take part in "the movement," as he calls it, for many years, and I think I know him. If I do not know him it is not his fault, for he is constantly introducing himself as a person of unexceptionable character and defiant of competition. If he have been a teetotaller from his youth, and never even in his babyhood received an inner baptism of gin for spasms or infantile wind, the chances are that he grows up into a perfect moral hurricane at twenty-one. He glares like a railway signal at a glass of beer, and his paths drop rancid fatness when he inveighs against a pale sherry or an elderly port. A more cantankerous animal there is not in the world than such a public teetotaller. Other men—all men, except commercial travellers—sink their calling on occasion; the clergy run away from the wicked man, and the officer of dragoons takes refuge in civilian costume; but the teetotaller is always in a state of "Kriegsbereitschaft," as the Germans call it; he is armed to the teeth, and incessantly brandishing his arms and showing his teeth. When he says that he is never thirsty he is a liar, for he thirsts for the blood of all those who do not follow his example, and he would only speak the truth when he affirmed that he never imbibed anything stronger than blood. I know a teetotaller, and could without difficulty touch him with my finger—though I hope you will believe me when I say that I would never lay a hand upon him—who is the cruellest man I ever met, and who, in his public and even private demeanour towards those who drink anything but water, is little short of a rampant demon—a demon in his looks, and a devil in his imputations—a black vault of bile and acrid venom—wild and furious and vengeful. I only wish that Gustave Doré could paint him; or that Mr. Lachlan M'Lachlan could take his photograph; and yet—stay a moment—Mr. Shields would do

better than either—Mr. Shields, with his vivid insight into the essence of things, and his quick flashings of character, would give this teetotaller, as I see him, and as you may see him, his due.

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BY A LADY.

THE sweet hours of the morning. There is nothing on earth so sweet as the morning. It is the youth of the day, and the childhood of all things is beautiful. The unpolluted freshness of infancy hangs about the dawn; the air seems to whisper of innocence and truth. The very light is instinct with youth and speaks of hope. Who is there that enjoys beauty and brightness and does not love the morning? Thus, as nearly as memory can reproduce it, wrote one of the purest and best of our novelists; and how heartily we endorsed the sentiment as we stepped gaily over the rolling ground that lies between the western shore of Windermere and Esthwaite Water.

We were bound for a pleasant walk, which was to occupy two days; not one of your easy strolls of sixteen or seventeen miles that enthusiastic writers of guide books dismiss contemptuously as a light affair to be got over before breakfast, but a pastime such as ladies might share, and be none the worse for it. In many a field the rich crop of grain lay thickly piled in sheaves,—a glorious promise of future plenty,—and amongst them the farmers' friends, the rooks, stalked in their glossy plumage, conscious perhaps that their spring labours had contributed no little towards its production. Passing through Sawrey, a village some of whose houses seemed so old that their walls might have echoed with the tidings of Bosworth Field, we gained the crest of the ascent. At our feet lay Esthwaite Water set in a frame of emerald meadows, glistening in the morning sun. The shrill clarion of the curlew rang from its margin, and the lazy cattle with calm contentment viewed their shaggy faces in that transparent mirror. What a picture for war ministers and ambitious statesmen to have gazed at! Would it have taught them any lessons worth the learning? Probably not; for the sins and follies of men sometimes need national pruning. It were much to be wished, however, that the head gardeners would sometimes cut their own fingers if only to correct over-use of the knife.

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On the following morning the sun called us early, peeping at us so impertinently that we felt obliged to rise. Two or three hours later we took a farewell glance of green Coniston, and turning our backs unwillingly on the dark mountains, under whose shadow we slept so well, wended our way towards Grasmere. Yewdale is fair, but we speed through it in order to linger in Tilberthwaite. There is the murmuring beck for ever wrangling with the rocks that *will* get in his way; above are crag and cone; boulders and fern with heather in all the prodigality of bloom, and larches waving their graceful arms. Anon we cross the stream, springing from boulder to boulder; strike a bridle-path on the opposite fell, and mount through a world of blossom and beauty till we gain the summit level, and see beneath, Langdale Tarn; the Pikes in all their majesty; Dungeon Ghyll; the long, winding mountain road that leads to Ambleside; and vales, and fertile uplands, and wooded crags, far as the eye can follow. Langdale Tarn is but a mirror, yet what glass ever reflected so much beauty, dark or bright, smiling or frowning, grave or gay, according to the humour of the hour? The parsley fern, restricted in its habitat, is here at home, and for the last five miles has peeped at us from the side of every rock, and in two or three instances, we found it lining the western face of some moorland walls with unbroken verdure for a hundred yards together. And now our last ascent has been gained, we turn for a moment to view the chain of Elterwater and then over the crest to Loughrigg terrace. For some time our vision eastward had been bounded by this rocky edge. We heard that a land of promise lay behind, and expected a Canaan, with hills, and vales, and brooks of water, but had not deemed Eden was there. Once more, beautiful Winderemere with all its life and shunshine was spread before us; Rydal in its rocky basin was there; whilst Grasmere slept secure in the arms of the turfy hills that on every side looked down on its shining bosom. Many a tributary dale and ravine branched off from the main channel, whilst the long white road became narrowed to a thread ere it crossed Dunmail Raise, and held its unseen course to Keswick.

At the margin of Grasmere our walk terminated. It might have been nine miles, probably a trifle less; yet it would be difficult to find more and more varied beauty in an equal space. As evening came down, we sat beneath the yew in a corner of the quiet church-yard, and on a simple upright slab of slate read the names of William Wordsworth and Mary Wordsworth. No epitaph was there—no eulogy—no panegyric. These are best read in his simple, loving life, and in the volumes our sons and daughters will study. They, further removed from the fervid and passionate poetry that in the commencement of the century fired the hearts of our fathers, will perhaps appreciate more justly than we of the middle period its excellence and simplicity. Be this as it may, the stars came forth as we sat on that low wall—the stars he loved so well, and beneath their light we retraced our steps to the Prince of Wales Hotel, to tread again in dreamland the walk from Ferryside to Grasmere.

WHAT TO EAT AND HOW TO COOK IT.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER: TEA AND SUPPER.

"CHOOSE not alone a proper mate," says the old saw, anent matrimonial arrangements, "but proper time to marry," and we may adopt the sense and wisdom of it with respect to the matters of which we have treated under our present title, and suggest that after you have procured the "raw material," and, either under our advice or that of some other competent minister to the palate, had it subjected to suitable culinary confection, there is still something else to be done with it, which is indeed the end and object of all the previous care and proceedings. It has to be eaten, and at times suitable for it and the stomach. For all these, taken together, form the important science of gastronomy, a science which not only contributes to the enjoyment of the present moment, but involves the improvement and preservation of one's health, and the consequent prolongation of life. These are only secured by duly replenishing the daily waste of the human frame with

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Even in Lakeland there are few more pleasant inns than this at the head of Coniston. Backed by Wetherlam and the Old Man, it stands in a well-kept lawn and shrubbery of its own, which stretches to the green margin of the lake. Shady seats, lovely flowers, winding walks invited us, and taking a volume from the table, and some work from our pockets, we made pretence of being busy, whereas we really sat in lazy mood, drinking in the beauty that was so lavishly scattered round us. Our body-guard yawned portentously at this state of things, and asked if he could be spared; presently we saw him tearing off to the boats with a rod over his shoulder, and felt awful misgivings as to whether he would return in time for the last trip made by the gondola that evening round the lake. When the clock struck two, our doubts assumed the character of a panic; at half-past, we were furious; but at the moment we had resolved to drag the monster from his selfish amusement, he came round the laurel hedge under which we were sitting with a quick step, a radiant face, and a long string of perch in his hand, which we were unwillingly compelled to admire before he could be induced to move towards the steamer that lay panting and puffing at the bottom of the meadow. Steam is generally a mistake on lakes; but here it was an exception. We were beyond the reach of daily excursion trains. Neither brass band nor bottled porter were here to annoy us. There was no crowd, smoke, or the din of machinery. In fact, the gondola was a most luxurious barge, worthy of the lord mayor or Cleopatra, and had she been built a couple of thousand years ago would, with her gay mouldings, gilded figure-head, and silken hangings, have been just the thing to have taken a prominent place in a memorable water party that once came off on the Cnidus.

Coniston is by no means the largest or most interesting of the lakes. Its form wants many elements of beauty. There are no bays or leafy promontories round which new pictures appear. The two or three islands it contains are so close to the edge as to lose half their character, and though the eastern shores are lofty and well wooded, and the western all fern, heath, and rock, they are not very striking, particularly to those who have seen Ullswater, Bassenthwaite, or Derwentwater. The finest view is seen from its southern boundary, and they must be difficult to please whose hearts are not stirred by the scene before them—the long stretch of green water; the rich savannah backed by the Old Man and Wetherlam, and the aspect of profound peace that seemed to reign around. The Old Man, barren though he looks, is rich in copper, large quantities of which are annually washed in the mountain streams, and this mine water tells heavily against the fish. Here, a very few years since, char were obtained in better condition and greater abundance than elsewhere, Buttermere excepted; now, however, they are almost as rare as bustards on Salisbury Plain. Alfred Tennyson loved this lake, and we may well revere it for his sake; "perhaps he learned his beautiful Echo Song amongst the wondrous reverberations of the Old Man."

On the following morning the sun called us early, peeping at us so impertinently that we felt obliged to rise. Two or three hours later we took a farewell glance of green Coniston, and turning our backs unwillingly on the dark mountains, under whose shadow we slept so well, wended our way towards Grasmere. Yewdale is fair, but we speed through it in order to linger in Tilberthwaite. There is the murmuring beck for ever wrangling with the rocks that *will* get in his way; above are crag and cone; boulders and fern with heather in all the prodigality of bloom, and larches waving their graceful arms. Anon we cross the stream, springing from boulder to boulder; strike a bridle-path on the opposite fell, and mount through a world of blossom and beauty till we gain the summit level, and see beneath, Langdale Tarn; the Pikes in all their majesty; Dungeon Ghyll; the long, winding mountain road that leads to Ambleside; and vales, and fertile uplands, and wooded crags, far as the eye can follow. Langdale Tarn is but a mirror, yet what glass ever reflected so much beauty, dark or bright, smiling or frowning, grave or gay, according to the humour of the hour? The parsley fern, restricted in its habitat, is here at home, and for the last five miles has peeped at us from the side of every rock, and in two or three instances, we found it lining the western face of some moorland walls with unbroken verdure for a hundred yards together. And now our last ascent has been gained, we turn for a moment to view the chain of Elterwater and then over the crest to Loughrigg terrace. For some time our vision eastward had been bounded by this rocky edge. We heard that a land of promise lay behind, and expected a Canaan, with hills, and vales, and brooks of water, but had not deemed Eden was there. Once more, beautiful Winderemere with all its life and shunshine was spread before us; Rydal in its rocky basin was there; whilst Grasmere slept secure in the arms of the turfy hills that on every side looked down on its shining bosom. Many a tributary dale and ravine branched off from the main channel, whilst the long white road became narrowed to a thread ere it crossed Dunmail Raise, and held its unseen course to Keswick.

At the margin of Grasmere our walk terminated. It might have been nine miles, probably a trifle less; yet it would be difficult to find more and more varied beauty in an equal space. As evening came down, we sat beneath the yew in a corner of the quiet church-yard, and on a simple upright slab of slate read the names of William Wordsworth and Mary Wordsworth. No epitaph was there—no eulogy—no panegyric. These are best read in his simple, loving life, and in the volumes our sons and daughters will study. They, further removed from the fervid and passionate poetry that in the commencement of the century fired the hearts of our fathers, will perhaps appreciate more justly than we of the middle period its excellence and simplicity. Be this as it may, the stars came forth as we sat on that low wall—the stars he loved so well, and beneath their light we retraced our steps to the Prince of Wales Hotel, to tread again in dreamland the walk from Ferryside to Grasmere.

WHAT TO EAT AND HOW TO COOK IT.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER: TEA AND SUPPER.

"CHOOSE not alone a proper mate," says the old saw, anent matrimonial arrangements, "but proper time to marry," and we may adopt the sense and wisdom of it with respect to the matters of which we have treated under our present title, and suggest that after you have procured the "raw material," and, either under our advice or that of some other competent minister to the palate, had it subjected to suitable culinary confection, there is still something else to be done with it, which is indeed the end and object of all the previous care and proceedings. It has to be eaten, and at times suitable for it and the stomach. For all these, taken together, form the important science of gastronomy, a science which not only contributes to the enjoyment of the present moment, but involves the improvement and preservation of one's health, and the consequent prolongation of life. These are only secured by duly replenishing the daily waste of the human frame with

materials which contain the greatest amount of nutriment and are the easiest of digestion.

There are people, not so many as commonly supposed, who, with the appetite of a cormorant and the digestion of an ostrich, thoughtlessly and eagerly devour whatever is set before them. These will quote the old line, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"—a plausible but fallacious maxim. Common and ill-dressed food costs at least as much as that which is judiciously selected and cooked upon scientific principles, oftentimes more; and we have all along insisted upon the principle of strict economy. Get what you can afford, we say; get that which your purse will warrant, and have it dressed as well as you know how, and in as many different ways as you can contrive to learn, for variety is one of the greatest charms to the palate. Nature is infinite in variety. Who ever saw two trees, even two leaves of a tree, exactly alike? It is all very well to have all your table-forks of the same pattern, but this does not necessarily imply that the morsels they take up, should be of the same size and flavour!

But all this, as we have also insisted, is to be at home, The high-priced, flavourless, imitation delicacy of the ambitious restaurant empties your purse and fills you with remorse, or ought to do, while the humbler seven-penny dining-room is in no whit behind in plundering you to the extent of fifty per cent of your apparently modest outlay, or more. You can only have these things at home. So arrange your business matters accordingly, for, after all, a man must first *be*, in which is of course implied the continuing of his existence, before he can sell calicoes, or make machinery, or indulge in any other of the commercial delights now in vogue, and your household will rejoice with you, as it was enjoined of old that it should. These remarks don't however, apply exclusively to dinner. "There's pippins and cheese," that is, tea and supper, to come.

"Waiter!" said an economical individual on entering an inn one evening, "How much do you charge for dinner?" "Two-and-sixpence, sir," was the reply. "And how much for supper?" "Eighteen-pence, sir," answered William. "Oh, then, bring me supper!" This, however, happened, we fancy, some time since. Another meal—a nondescript sort of affair—has of late years come into vogue. It is in a manner the invention of necessity. We can't say we admire it; but it has occasionally its conveniences, and, after all, it exists as an institution almost, and we cannot, therefore, refuse to recognize it. It is the "thick tea;" otherwise tea and "something to it"—a sort of combination of tea and supper. That good old-fashioned affair—supper—has suffered serious attacks lately. It is, of course, a relic of the old times, when early dining was the custom everywhere. The early dinner is here, by the exigencies of business, still preserved; and the healthiest system is, we maintain, to follow this with tea—between five and six. Not a heavy tea, however. Tea and muffins, if you like; or tea and toast, or bread and butter, but spare us the loaf, if you please. The Queen is, we believe, accountable for the loaf on the table, and the long skirts which have cumbered the ground from 1840, or so, to within the past year. The ancles have begun to reappear, thank goodness! but the loaf has, we fear, almost become acclimatized in the breakfast room.

There is less excuse for the heavy tea now, than there was thirty years ago. Then, the home-trade warehouses burnt gas against one another in "the rooms," which were kept unsheeted till the clock seven, even in the dullest of seasons; and it was half-past seven or near eight, before the "young men" could get home, if they went direct thither. But the case is very different now, and an early tea is easily obtainable by those who do not prefer to talk over the latest telegrams in a smokey atmosphere at the Royal Thatched Head Hotel.

There is one view of the thick tea, in which it certainly appears in a favourable light—its tendency to sobriety, not necessarily and absolutely, but inducive. Suppose a detachment of workmen go out to a country tavern under the guidance of Captain Manager and his foremen lieutenants, to have a feed of some kind, by way of celebrating the birthday of one of their number, or a presentation occasion. Tea goes infinitely better with the hot roast fowls and cold joints, which they mercilessly massacre about five in the afternoon, than any other liquid, and though there is pretty sure to be a few disciples of Father Mathew among them, this does not prevent the others having "something hot" in honour of the occasion, an hour or so afterwards. Or Tom Celibat has two or three fellows at his rooms now and then, and he gives them a few "birds." Why tea goes better with them than beer or the "amontillado" at two-and-three, and moreover helps them to play such whist as would disturb the rest even of the sainted Hoyle, could he be permitted to see what outrages are nightly perpetrated in whist's name!

But these are exceptional cases. We don't kill a pig every day, and are supposing ourselves still the well-managed and careful household we always aim to be. We have no objection to hot suppers. Start not in affright, gentle reader; there are suppers and suppers. We are not thinking of a meal like dinner. If you find supper doesn't agree with you, do without; that is simple enough, surely; but bear in mind there are others who would be just as much put about to go supperless to bed, as you would with your superfluous meal. If you want something solid after a hard day's work, a chop or steak to the extent of fourpence or so will do you good, but there needn't be chops and steaks all round; indeed, there ought not to be. A bit of cold meat well cooked looks simple enough, and is very likely convenient, but the person who can take this without any ill effect afterwards, need not concern himself much about his digestion. There are so many things just now that you may have a hot light supper of, that it almost seems a pity to miss them. The tripe season is just coming in. Now, stewed tripe with onion sauce may be just a thought vulgar, but it is, when properly made, very good and very nourishing. Mushrooms, too, are plentiful and cheap just now, and the simplest way of cooking them is the best, and they are best by themselves—of course, with bread or dry toast and butter, with a very little seasoning. They don't require any meat with them; they contain all the elements of meat that are required for human food. Tomatoes always remind us of old Pickwick. "Dear Mrs. Bardell, chops and tomato sauce." If you have the chops, good; if not, the tomatoes will go very well alone. You can buy as large a one just now for two-pence as will serve one person, but it will be better to cook two or three together. In this way, cut them in half-quarters, and put them into a pan in which you have melted a walnut-size of butter, add a little salt and a very little cayenne, stir them about and sprinkle bread crumbs slowly by degrees, the mixture grows pretty stiff, and then serve it You can eat it with toast, or bread and butter, or with your chops or cutlets, or anything else almost. Then there is macaroni, to which, by the way, you can add tomatoes, or simply the juice thereof, and—sprinkled with the universal powdered cheese—you have an epicurean dish at a trifling expense. Bread and cheese is about the last thing to have for supper. Cold cheese is indigestible at night, but the rabbit of Wales is really one of the most digestible suppers you can have. We are propounding no paradox. If it disagrees with you, so would anything you might have; so don't blame it. A little acid helps it, and either a dash of Worcester sauce or a bit of pickled gherkin, or, still better, walnut, will both improve its flavour and aid digestion.

It is a wide-spread delusion to think hot suppers injurious. The very reverse is the case. It is the cold supper that does the mischief. Hot food, as a rule, digests more easily than that which is cold; and during sleep we breathe about one-fifth less oxygen than when we are awake, and as digestion is merely the burning of one's food with the aid of oxygen, the temperature of the body is at night correspondingly lower than in the day. So it stands to reason that whatever we eat at night should be hot, if possible; if not, we must eat so much less.

Of the variety of milk-compounds there is only one that we relish, and it is beyond all comparison the easiest of digestion. That is the old meal-porridge, with a basin of milk to it, followed by nothing. There is nothing to compare with it when you are out of sorts at all, and we have found it, moreover, conducive to sleep. In these times of war and fluctuating markets we have found ourselves bothered with the state of prices, thinking about this or that man's account, instead of, as it has suddenly occurred to us, being asleep, as we ought to be. We don't recommend the porridge; we merely observe and note the effect on us. We have generally slept soundly after it, and we think in the morning with Sancho Panza—Blessings on the man that invented sleep; it covers one all over like a blanket!

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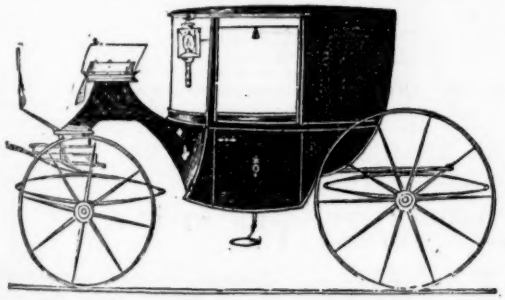

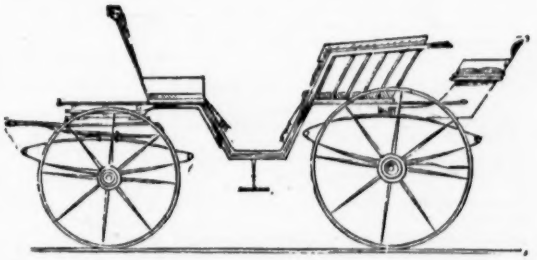

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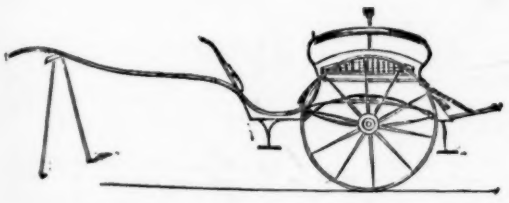

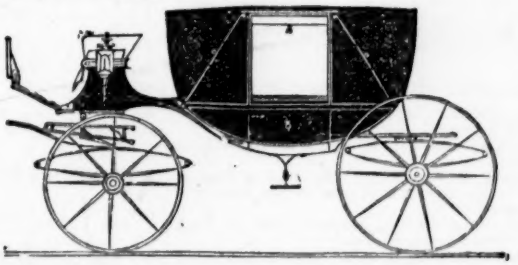

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